

THE

# Agreeable Songster.

BEING A

COLLECTION OF THE MOST APPROVED  
CONVIVIAL, SENTIMENTAL,  
Constitutional, Love,  
PATHETIC, AND HUMOUROUS  
SONGS,

Now sung in the most Fashionable Circles.



## I. RULE BRITANNIA.

- |                                   |                                     |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 2. Lord Howe Triumphant.          | 12. A Sailor's Song.                |
| 3. Thrice happy, O! Albion.       | 13. Adieu ye fleeting Hours of Love |
| 4. A True Honest Heart.           | 14. Mr. Edwin's New Four and        |
| 5. When in War on the Ocean.      | Twenty Fiddlers.                    |
| 6. Howe Victorious.               | 15. I never lov'd any, dear Mary,   |
| 7. Why quits the Merchant.        | but you.                            |
| 8. Flora in Tears for the Loss of | 16. Your Swords on your Thighs.     |
| her Sailor.                       | 17. Keys of Love.                   |
| 9. The Watchman.                  | 18. The Dream.                      |
| 10. Village Maid.                 | 19. The Bristol Volunteer Lad.      |
| Charming Village Maid.            |                                     |

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1. *Rule, Britannia.*

**W**HEN Britain, first, at Heaven's command,  
Arose from out the azure main,

*Arose from out, &c.*

This was the charter, the charter of the land,  
And guardian angels sung the strain.

*Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,*

*For Britain's never will be slaves.*

The nations not so blest as thee,

Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall: [free,

Whilst thou shalt flourish—flourish great and  
The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
More dreadful, from each foreign stroke;  
As the loud blasts that—loud blasts that tear  
the skies,

Serve but to root thy native oak.

The haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;  
All their attempts to bend thee down,  
Will but arouse thy—arouse thy gen'rous flame  
But work their woe and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural reign;  
Thy cities shall with commerce shine; [main;  
And thine shall be the—shall be the subject  
And every shore it circles, thine.

The muses, still with freedom sound,  
Shall to thy happy coast repair;  
Blest isle! with matchless—with matchless  
beauty crown'd,  
And manly hearts to guard the fair.

2. *Lord Howe's Triumphant!*

*His Valiant Tars and British Fleet Victorious.*

*Tune—"Rule, Britannia."*

**C**OME, every true and loyal friend,  
Our British fame I will extend,

*Our British fame, &c.*

Unrivall'd still our glories rise,  
The French again we have chastised.

*Brave Howe, brave Howe victorious on the sea,  
Our British tars victorious be.*

Twenty-five ships compos'd our fleet,  
The French had twenty-six complete;  
On Sunday morn the first of June,  
A most dreadful fight begun so soon.

The Charlotte, Caesar, and the Queen,  
The Royal George and Sovereign,  
The Glory, Marlborough, Barfleur, & Defence,  
And the Brunwick boldly fought the French,

Between the Brunfwick and Levengeur,  
A dreadful scene of slaughter sure;  
Entangled by their anchors they,  
Above three hours held bloody fray.

But British tars, in glory's cause,  
Would sooner die than let's applause,  
The ship Vengeance they set her in the deep,  
And sent the Frenchmen to the deep.

We Britons did the French defeat,  
With a shocking slaughter through their fleet,  
Took six of their ships safe to the British shore,  
Two eighties and four seventy-fours.

Brave Montagu, who fought so well,  
So glorious in the cause he fell,  
Cry'd, fight on my lads, and gain applause,  
My brother he'll revenge my cause.

The sea was ting'd with crimson gore,  
Blood from the scupper holes did pour,  
Neptune rose the glorious fight to see,  
Proclaimed Britannia's victory.

So British boys rejoicings make,  
Great George's foes we'll make them quake,  
While Echo spreads his glorious fame,  
His foes shall tremble at his name.

May our British arms by land and sea,  
Be always crown'd with victory;  
Brave commanders, valiant men,  
Health and conquest them attend.

3. *Thrice Happy, O! Albion.*

**T**HRICE happy, O! Albion, thou favored isle,  
Where peace, lovely virgin, benignly does smile  
Thy laws are most perfect, thy government free,  
And thy sons all enjoy a true Liberty.

*Rejoice them, ye sons of Apollo, and sing,  
Success to Old England, and God save the King.*  
Democrats may plead their Republican cause,  
And the Jacobin preach up his levelling laws,  
That freedom they boast is a bubble of air,  
And their famous Convention is full of despair.

Here the poor are protected from oppression's strong hand,

No despotic ruler embitters our land;  
Reclin'd in his cottage the peasant may rest,  
Secure from all dangers—sweet peace in his  
breast.

Let freedom's fair plant with the olive en-  
And with loyalty render our island divine,  
Where Nature indulgent, with liberal hand,  
Diffuses her gifts to bless Albion's fair land.

Ye sons of Apollo your voices now raise,  
To England's great Monarch—her charter's  
just praise

That charter, true freedom to Britons impart,  
"And liberty-hall is an Englishman's heart."

4. *A True Honest Heart.*

**B**UT modes of religion let zealots fall out  
This firmly believe, and the other thing doubt;  
Neglect all their time in pursuit of a shade,  
While near fleets the substance, and offer its  
aid;

The best of all modes I believe on my part,  
Is my grandmother's mode—a true honest  
heart.

What's Luther, John Calvin, or Behmen  
to me, [disagree?  
Bout such sort of folks why should friends  
The volumes they wrote, there are some who  
maintain,

But serve to mislead and disorder the brain:  
From my old fashion'd mode may I never de-  
part, [heart.

That best of all modes, its—a true honest  
My neighbour I love as myself, I protest,  
If the same sort of friendship gives warmth  
to his breast;

But if puff'd up with riches, or given to rule,  
I smile at the coxcomb, and pity the fool;  
For what are his riches, when doom'd to de-  
part, [heart.

But bubbles blown up, to—a true honest  
I'd do unto mortals, of ev'ry degree, [me,  
As I would they should do before Heav'n, to  
But if on oppression I found they were bent,  
I'd show I'd both spirit and pow'r to resent;  
But none will presume to assume such a part,  
Who are blest with that treasure—a true ho-  
nest heart. [respect,

I'll reverence the church, and my King—I'll  
Till he aims to subvert what he's sworn to  
protect;

The laws I'll obey, and I'll tend him my mite  
Required at my hands, with unfeigned delight;  
Pray heaven protect him, and fight on his part,  
For I think, from my soul, he's—a true ho-  
nest heart. [seat,

Now fill up your bumpers, let each quit his  
Let your brows be uncover'd, stand firm on  
your feet; [each lip;

Take your glasses in hand, let them point to  
On pain of a bottle let none dare to sip—  
For this is my toast, then you all may depart,  
May distress never dwell in—A TRUE HO-  
NEST HEART.

##### 5. *When in war on the Ocean.*

WHEN in war on the ocean we meet the  
proud foe, [may glow,  
Tho' with ardour for conquest our bosoms  
Let us see on their vessels Old England's flag  
wave, [be.

They shall find British sailors but conquer to  
They shall find, &c.

And now their pale ensigns we view from  
afar, [British tar,  
With three cheers they are welcom'd by each  
While the genius of Britain still bids us ad-  
vance, [France.

And our guns hurl in thunder defiance to  
But mark our last broadside! she sinks!  
down she goes! [foes;

Quickly man all your boats, they no longer are

To snatch a brave fellow from a watery grave,  
Is worthy a Briton who conquers to save.

##### 6. *Howe Victorious!*

##### *Or, The French Defeated.*

COME all you British heroes, and listen  
to my song, [belong,  
I sing of British sailors to whom such praise

The first of June it was the day,  
Our tars began this bloody fray,  
Resolv'd to shew them English play,  
Like brave British boys.

The French they fought courageous and sub-  
born to the last, [each mast,  
Till every sail was shatter'd, and overboard  
Both grape and chain shot bliskily flew,  
We bor'd their hulks qui e thro' and thro',  
The French they knew not what to do,  
With bold British boys.

Brave Howe engag'd their Admiral, and twice  
he broke their line, [in their design,  
And some that strove to their away were baulk'd  
Soon after that the briny flood,  
Was crimson'd o'er with human blood,  
We to our guns, so firmly stood,  
Like brave British boys.

The Vengeur and the Brunswick, two ships of  
noble fame, [men were slain;  
Three hours and a half engag'd, and many  
The French they would no quarters crave,  
But sunk and found a watery grave  
And very few there could be sav'd,  
By brave British boys.

A battle sure so desperate, was never fought  
at sea, [gain'd the victory;  
Brave Howe, and his bold seamen, have  
The French they find now to their cost,  
Fight of their finest ships are lost,  
The bells shall ring, and we'll rejoice,  
Like brave British boys.

A health to all commanders on board the  
British fleet, [they dare meet,  
Who curb the pride of Frenchmen when'er  
A health to every English tar,  
Who boldly braves each wound or fear,  
We thank you for your skill in war,  
My brave British boys.

##### 7. *Why quits the Merchant.*

WHY quits the merchant, blest with ease,  
The pleasures of his native seat;  
To tempt the dangers of the seas,  
And climes more perilous than these;  
'Midst freezing cold or scorching heat?  
He knows the hardships, knows the pain,  
The length of way, but thinks it small,  
The sweets of what he hopes to gain,  
Undaunted makes him amehat all.



8. *Flora in Tears for the Loss of her Sailor.* That takes the care, and cries, when  
I see rogues go by—

YOU blooming young lasses now list— Hey! what are you doing there—  
ten to me, (the sea, Only a little business in that house; you  
I lament for my sailor that is gone to understand me— Understand you  
As clever a lad as ever I did see, well, I believe you are an honest  
My blooming young lad is gone far man; d'ye hear, bring me an odd  
from me. silver candlestick.

*For my jolly young sailor I lament  
night and day,*

*May he safe return to my arms from  
the toils of the sea*

And when I reflect on the many happy hours, (sweet shady bowers;  
That we so jovially have spent in these  
Where those sweet pretty warblers they  
do so charm the groves,

What can equal the delights and the  
transports of love?

But still I will hope that he will once  
more return, (mourn;

My little blithe sailor for whom I do  
With a heart light as a feather we will  
cheerfully sing, (the King.

Success to Old England, and long live  
How hard sure is fortune, both cruel  
and unkind, (left here behind,

To take my true love from me; I'm  
In grief and vexation a disconsolate  
lass, (ments must pass.

Thus in anguish and sorrow my mo-  
But if in some action my love should  
be slain, (of the plain;

I will then bid adieu to the delights  
In the groves I will wander, where no  
mortal shall me find,

Thus in grief for my true love, my life  
I will resign.

### 9. *The Watchman.*

Written by Mr. DIBDEN.

A Watchman I am, and I know all  
the round, (the lodgers,  
The housekeepers, the strays, and  
Where low devils, rich Dons, & high  
rips,

May be found, odds-ditties, queer kids,  
And rum codgers of money,  
And of property 'm he,

*Then to my box I creep,*

*And then fall fast asleep,*

*St. Paul's strikes one;*

*Thus, after all the mischief's done,*

*I goes and gives them warning,*

*And loudly bawls,*

*While strikes St. Paul's;*

*Past one o'clock, and cloudy morning*

Then round as the hour I merrily cry

Another mess I discover;

For a curious rope-ladder I straightway  
espies, (lover

And Miss Forward expecting he

Then to each others arms they fly;

My life, my soul, ah! ah!

Fine work, Miss Hot-upon-it, cries I

I'll knock up your papa—

No, no, you won't—I shall; worthy  
old soul, to be treated in this man-

ner—Here, here, take this—O you

villain, want to bribe an honest

watchman; and with such a trifle

too—Well, well, here's more, more

—You seem to be a spirited lad, now

do make her a good husband; I am

glad you have tricked the old hunk

good night, I wish you safe to

Gretna Green.

*Then to my box I creep,*

*And then falls fast asleep;*

*What's that? St. Paul's strikes two*

*The lovers off; what does I do,*

*But gives the father warning;*

*And loudly bawls, &c.*

Then towards the square, from my box

I looks,

I hears such a ranting and tearing;

'Tis Pharaoh's whole host, and the pidd-

geons and rooks, (swearing

Are laughing, and singing, and

Then such a hubbub and a din;  
 How they blasphemic and curse;  
 That thief has stole my diamond pin  
 Watch, watch, I've lost my purse  
 Watch, here, I charge you—And I  
 charge you; 'tis a marvellous thing  
 that honest people can't go home  
 without being robbed—Which is the  
 thief?—That's the thief that trick'd  
 me out of two hundred pounds this  
 evening—Ah! that you know is all  
 in the way of business; but which  
 is the thief that stole the gentleman's  
 purse—That's him—What, Sam  
 Snatch; give it to me, Sam; he  
 has not got your purse; you are mis-  
 taken in your man; go home peace-  
 ably, and don't oblige me to take  
 you to the watch-house.

*Then to my box I creep,  
 And then fall fast asleep,  
 What's that? St. Paul strikes  
 three;*

*Thus from my roguery get free,  
 By giving people warning,  
 And loudly bawls, &c.*

#### 10. *The Village Maid.*

SILENT I tread this lonely wood,  
 Silent I shed the piteous tear;  
 No hopes to cheer my drooping soul,  
 Bereft of him I hold most dear!  
 Still do I seek these dreary shades,  
 A love-lost maid, the village scorn,  
 Then leave me here to sigh forlorn.  
 You mossy bank oft times recall,  
 The image of the blooming youth;  
 'Twas there he stole my easy heart.  
 With vows of constancy and truth;  
 Faint from her lips her accent flew,  
 And faintly beam'd her eyes so bright,  
 She sunk upon the mossy bank,  
 She sunk to everlasting night!

#### 11. *Charming Village Maid.*

CHARMING village maid,  
 If thou wilt be mine,

In gold and pearls array'd,  
 All my wealth is thine;  
 For gold is dross to me,  
 E'en nature's beauties fade,  
 If not enjoy'd with thee,  
 My charming village maid.  
 This morn at early dawn,  
 I had a hedge-rose wild,  
 Its sweet perfume'd the lawn,  
 'Twas sportive nature's child!  
 To grace my gay parterre,  
 Transplanted from the glade,  
 Sweet emblem of my fair,  
 My charming village maid.

#### 12. *A Sailor's Song*

YES I heard the roaring ocean,  
 Whistling winds and beating rain,  
 Round me in convulsive motion,  
 Felt my yielding canvas strain;  
 Wind and water vy'd together,  
 Tent and tent walls piecing thro'  
 Still regardless of the weather,  
 All my soul was turn'd to you.  
 Not a glimmering ray to cheer me,  
 Curtain'd only by the night,  
 You alone were always near me,  
 Image of celestial light;  
 Heedless of the hurrying billow,  
 Heedless how the tempest blow,  
 Still I prest my moisten'd pillow,  
 Sigh'd and fondly thought of you.  
 Spread on down, and angels waking,  
 To protect an angel's form,  
 You perhaps, each care forsaking,  
 Scarcely heard the ruthless storm,  
 If you did, oh say sincerely,  
 Firmer as the tempest grew,  
 Did you think of one who dearly,  
 Dearly loves to think on you.

#### 13. *Adieu ye fleeting Hours of Love.*

ADIEU ye fleeting hours of love,  
 That stole unmark'd away;  
 And fondly promis'd once to prove,  
 As blest each future day.  
 Where yonder v'lets scent the vale,  
 I met the faithful youth,



There first he breath'd his tender tale,  
And vow'd eternal truth.

Such joys are past! no more we meet  
Those well known haunts among;  
Where love's musician pipes so sweet,  
Her plaintive evening song.

*Adieu! ye fleeting hours, &c.*

14. *Edwin's New Four and Twenty Fiddlers.*

FOUR and twenty fiddlers all on a row,  
There was fiddle fiddle double damme  
simi quibble down below,  
And this is my lady's holiday,  
Therefore we will be merry.

Four and twenty harpsichords all on a  
row,

There was concords, discords, harpsichords,  
and all sorts of cords, one,  
two, and almost three, with my  
fiddle fiddle, &c.

Four and twenty ladies all on a row,  
There prittle prattle, tittle tattle, pray  
ma'm do you go to the musical festival,  
la ma'm they say there are to  
be 20,000 performers, oh la! what  
a monstrous noise must they make  
wi' their concords, discords, &c.

Four and twenty washer-women all on  
a row,

They were up to their elbows in suds,  
with their prittle prattle, tittle tattle,  
concords, discords, &c.

Four and twenty parliament men all  
on a row,

There was minority, majority, up to  
their elbows in suds, &c.

Four and twenty lawyers all on a row,  
There was damages, settlements, im-  
primis, items, for as much, as the like  
as said, minority, majority, &c.

Four and twenty old maids all on a row  
There was Oh how I hates all male  
creatures, with their damages, set-  
tlements, &c.

Four and twenty lingos all on a row,  
O Homer, Iliad, Virgil, Wat Tyler,

Odyssees, Popes, O how I hate all  
male creatures, &c.

Four and twenty singing masters all on  
a row,

Ma'm you pitch too high, fir you pitch  
too low, ma'm that's the very right  
key, with my catches and glees,  
under the bush with my Highland  
laddie, O my charming laddie, &c.

Four and twenty lovers all on a row,  
There was kissing and toying, toying  
and kissing, sighing and ogling the  
bush with my Highland laddie, O  
my charming Iliad, Homer, Virgil,  
Wat Tyler, Odyssey, Popes, O how  
I hates all male creatures, pray ma'm  
do you take in the world, no ma'm  
I take in the public, with damages,  
settlements, imprimis, item, for as  
much as the like said minority, ma-  
jority, up to their elbows in suds,  
prittle prattle, tittle tattle, concords,  
discords, harpsichords all sorts of  
chords, one, two, and almost three,  
with my fiddle fiddle, fiddle fid-  
dle, double damme, simi quibble  
down below,

And it is my lady's holiday,  
Therefore we will be merry.

15. *I never lov'd any, dear Mary,  
but you.*

YOU tell me, dear girl, that I'm given  
to rove, [green;

That I sport with each-lafs on the  
That I join in the dance and sing son-  
nets of love,

And still with the fairest am seen:  
With my hey down, derry down, and  
my hey down derry,

Around the green meadows so blithe  
and so merry,

With black, brown, and fair, I have  
frolic'd, 'tis true,

*With black, brown, &c.*

But I never lov'd any, I never lov'd  
any, dear Mary, but you.

Thp' Phillis and Nancy are nam'd in So liberty reigns,  
 my song, To the right in full strain,  
 My eyes will still wander to you; Fill your goblets all round.  
 Not to Phillis or Nancy my raptures To the lords of the main.  
 belong, For Charlotte's our Queen,  
 To you and you only they're due: And her brave loyal band,  
 With my hey derry down, and my Shall drive each invader,  
 hey down derry, Far out of the land.  
 Around the green meadows so blithe  
 and so merry:

My songs are of pleasure and beauty, AS I was walking all alone,  
 'tis true, [you. Down by a shady grove,  
 But I never lov'd any, dear Mary, but There did I spy my own true love,  
 In those eyes you may read a fond heart Just as the sun arose;  
 all your own, As she lay slumbering all alone,  
 But, alas! 'tis the language of love; And all her beauties bare, [last,  
 My feelings you'd pity, that language You would have said, had you seen the  
 once known, The Queen of love lay there.  
 Ah! learn it, all doubts to remove: Then I convey'd my ruby lips,  
 With my hey derry down, and my Upon her snow white bread,  
 hey down derry, Then I convey'd my straggling arms,  
 Around the green meadows so blithe All round her slender waist;  
 and so merry, Then she awoke out of her sleep,  
 You'll ne'er find a heart that's more All in a great surprize,  
 fond or more true, (you. Her tender looks quite gain'd my heart,  
 For I never lov'd any, dear Mary, but By the sparkling of her eyes. [dow,  
 I'm ruin'd, I'm ruin'd, I'm quite ca-

16. *Your Swords on your Thighs.*  
 OUR swords on your thighs,  
 Ye bold yemen are seen,  
 Our kingdom is right,  
 Our religion, and Queen;  
 How glorious are we,  
 When we lay down our lives,  
 In defence of our freedom,  
 Our children and wives.  
 Buzza! buzza! buzza! O ye Bri-  
 tions, to conquer pursue,  
 At the trumpet of victory's uplifted  
 for you.  
 You tyrants, not knowing,  
 What liberty yields,  
 How she guards all our rifles,  
 And protects all our fields;  
 As Hebe she's fair,  
 And as Hercules strong,  
 He's the Queen of all mirth,  
 And the joys of my song.

17. *The Keys of Love.*  
 I am Judasly betray'd,  
 If this be the way you do tak: in hand,  
 To rob a poor innocent maid;  
 If this be the way you do take in hand,  
 To rob a poor maiden so young,  
 Her tender speeches quite gain'd my  
 heart,  
 By the moving of her tongue.  
 'Tis for love I make no doubt,  
 'Tis only for love of gain,  
 If she should scornfully laugh at me,  
 Or treat me with disdain; [kind,  
 If she will prove constant, I will prove  
 And so we will both agree,  
 And if she chances to alter her mind,  
 I can alter as well as she. [gain'd,  
 For young woman's love is hard to be  
 Let the young men say what they will,  
 For when that they think your favour  
 they win,  
 'Tis the time they're the further from,

For true love and riches is all that they And by her countenance seem'd to fea-  
crave, me,

And money is their heart's desire, And sorely repent she came there;  
For young women carry the keys of But, in fine, I rose, and gently seiz'd  
love, he [way,

That sets the young men's hearts on fire And whilst my charmer swooned a-  
Then in my arms I close convey'd her  
To the arbor where I lay.

### 18. The Dream

ONE night I dream'd I lay more easy, Then she recover'd he sent us, saying,

Down by a murmuring river's side, " O you kill me! I'm undone! "  
Where lovely banks were spread with " Why would you smother a harmless  
daffies,

And the streams did gently glide? " Let me go, for I must be gone. "  
It was quite round and all over, Then in my arms, with am'rous kisses  
With spreading branches fine dis- I did caress the darling theme,  
play'd, But in the height of all my blisses,

And interwoven with the waters, When I awoke it was a dream.

Soon became a pleasant shade.

These sudden raptures of my dulness,  
Slept with slumber and sweet ease,  
I thought I saw my lovely Susan,

Through the green and gloomy trees,  
The moon gave light I could discern her,  
How my love she walk'd along,  
Attended by each killing charmer,

While the fair she walk'd along.  
Ye lovely shades of night convey me,  
To Adonis, my sweet joy, [me,

Ye Gods and Goddesses pray now ease  
With that dear and darling boy;  
Ye noisy winds give over blowing,

And cease awhile, that I may hear,  
If sweet Adonis be arriv'd,  
In the groves or vallies near.

Then she sat down and run'd her spin-  
[round,  
Which made the vallies to echo

And the larks and linnets,  
And in concert they did sweetly  
[round,

These tempting tresses my joy increa-  
[down,  
And whilst her hair hung dangling

Her milk white breast was almost na-  
[crown,  
ked, Which would invite a Monarch's

O then I fancy'd she drew near me,  
With a soft and melting air,

Whose cheeks, &c.

### 19. The Bristol Volunteer Lad.

I am a brisk maiden not quite seventeen  
And I've a great mind soon to marry

My dad and my man upon Gander  
goose green,

Say, crossly, I longer should tarry;  
But sure I know better than mam o'  
than dad, [ing

Whose blood has almost left off flow-  
And I've in my eye a smart voluntee-  
lad, [blowing

Whose cheeks are like roses fresh  
I've suitors in plenty, but one to my  
mind, [ing

With a habeas the lawyer comes woo-  
Sir John, and my Lord, they are all  
very kind,

Yet I fear they but seek my undoing  
High rank I don't covet, and riches  
despise,

I am neither a fool nor too knowing  
The volunteer lad above any I prize,  
Whose cheeks are like, &c.

He has march'd to the coast, British  
shores to defend

Against all who attempt to invade us  
And those who have courage may fair-  
est pretend [us

To our smiles, braving danger to all  
If safe he return, I will readily say,  
Sho'd he ask me, to church let's be  
going, [obey

And the volunteer lad I'll love, hono-  
Whose cheeks, &c.

Whose cheeks, &c.

Whose cheeks, &c.

Whose cheeks, &c.



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For true love and riches is all that they And by her countenance seem'd to fear  
 crave, me,

And money is their heart's desire, And sorely repent she came there;  
 For young women carry the keys of But, in fine, I role, and gently seiz'd  
 love, he [way]

That sets the young men's hearts on fire And whilst my charmer swooned at  
 Then in my arms I close convey'd her  
 To the arbor where I lay.

### 18. The Dream

ONE night I dream'd I lay more easy, Then she recover'd he fell as, saying,  
 Down by a murmuring river's side, " O you kill me! I'm undone!"  
 Where lovely banks were spread with " Why would you smother a harmless  
 daffies, maiden,

And the streams did gently glide? " Let me go, for I must begone."  
 It was quite round and all over; Then in my arms, with am'rous kisses  
 With spreading branches fine dis- I did caress the darling theme,  
 play'd, But in the height of all my blisses,  
 And interwoven with the waters, When I awoke it was a dream.

Soon became a pleasant shade. 19. The Bristol Volunteer Lad.  
 These sudden raptures of my dulness, I am a brisk maiden not quite seventeen  
 Slept with slumber and sweet ease, And I've a great mind soon to marry  
 I thought I saw my lovely Susan, My dad and my man upon Gander  
 Through the green and gloomy trees, goose green,

The moon gave light I could discern her, Say, crossly, I longer should tarry;  
 How my love she walk'd along, But sure I know better than mam or  
 Attended by each killing charmer, than dad, [ing]  
 While the fair she walk'd along, Whose blood has almost left off flow

Ye lovely shades of night convey me, And I've in my eye a smart volunteer  
 To Adonis, my sweet joy, [me, lad, [blowing]

Ye Gods and Goddesses pray now ease, Whose cheeks are like roses fresh  
 With that dear and darling boy; I've suitors in plenty, but one to my  
 Ye noisy winds give over blowing, mind, [ing]

And cease awhile, that I may hear, With a habeas the lawyer comes wood  
 If sweet Adonis be arriv'd, Sir John, and my Lord, they are all  
 In the groves or vallies near, very kind,

Then she sat down and tun'd her spin- Yet I fear they but seek my undoing  
 [round, High rank I don't covet, and riches  
 despise,

Which made the vallies to echo I am neither a fool nor too knowing  
 The larks and linnets, The volunteer lad above any I prize,  
 In concert they did sweetly, Whose cheeks are like, &c.

And the tempting tresses my joy increa- He has march'd to the coast, British  
 ses, shores to defend

And whilst her hair hung dangling Against all who attempt to invade us  
 [down, And those who have courage may fair-  
 est pretend [us]

Her milk white breast was almost na- To our imiles, braving danger to all  
 ked, [crown, If safe he return, I will readily say,

Which would invite a Monarch's Sho'd he ask me, to church let's be  
 going, [sober]

O then I fancy'd she drew near me, And the volunteer lad I'll love, hono-  
 With a soft and melting air, Whose cheeks, &c.

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